

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

# Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 47 • 3rd January 1970

PRICE 1/3







# Tiny Tom Thumb



1. Once upon a time, a farmer and his pretty wife lived in a country not far away from Fairyland. They were happy enough, but when Springtime came and a baby lamb was born to one of their sheep, they were reminded of their one great sadness in life. "Oh, how I would like to have a lovely baby," said the farmer's wife.



2. That night, when all humans were asleep, a fairy floated down through the star-spangled sky and hovered over the cottage of the farmer and his wife. She waved her magic wand, sprinkling star-dust over the roof. "I will grant their wish as best I can," she said. "A child WILL come to these people, but it will be a special fairy child."



3. Next morning, when the farmer's wife woke up she found in the bed beside her a tiny boy. Only his head showed above the bed-clothes and in appearance he seemed to be a boy of about seven years old—but he was so tiny that the wife stared at him in amazement. "He is smaller than a doll," she exclaimed.



4. A little later, when the farmer and his wife had got up and dressed, the fairy appeared in their cottage. "That is the child you have been longing for and from now on I shall be his fairy god-mother," she smiled. "What will you call him?" "He's no bigger than my thumb," the farmer said. "We'll call him Tom Thumb."





5. The fairy laughed at this. "What a good name for him," she said. "And now I must hurry away to the Fairy Dell, for there is much work to be done by my friends." She sped away and in a glade in the forest she gave the other fairies jobs to do. "We must make clothes for little Tom Thumb," she told them.

6. Happily, the fairies stitched and sewed. They made a tiny shirt out of a cobweb, a shiny coat out of a beetle's wing, a pair of shoes from the skin of a fieldmouse, a cap from an acorn and some trousers from thistledown. Being fairies, they got all Tom Thumb's measurements exactly right without making a mistake.



7. In the farmer's kitchen, little Tom Thumb stood on a tin mug, turned upside-down, and let the wife put the fairy clothes on him. Each one fitted perfectly as the fairy knew it would. "Mercy me, how wonderful he looks now," said the farmer's wife. "Do you like them, Tom?" "Very much, my dear new mother," Tom Thumb replied.



8. When Tom Thumb was fully dressed in his new clothes, the fairy godmother had one more thing to give him. "You must take this tiny sword and keep it with you always, Tom," she said. "It is a magic sword and it will protect you from all dangers in this big, strange world. For one as tiny as you there are many dangers."

Next week in "Once Upon A Time" Tom Thumb starts some wonderful adventures.

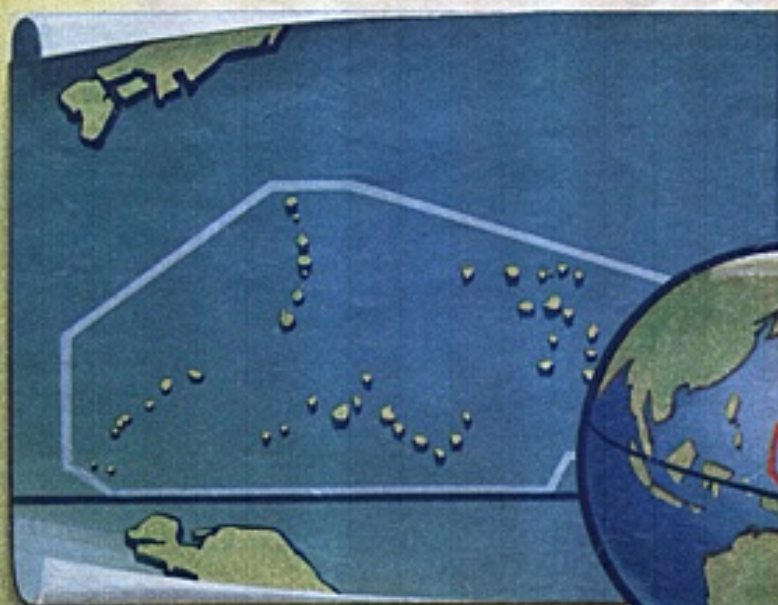




About people who live in the islands of

# MICRONESIA

In the great Pacific Ocean there are many small islands lying between Japan and New Guinea, and they are grouped together under the name Micronesia. The islanders who live there have a simple way of life. All transport is done by using boats, much of it by outrigger canoes, as the picture shows. Below, on the right, you can see workers of the Caroline Islands spreading out copra, which comes from coconuts, to dry. Copra-oil is used in the making of soap and other things and is sent in ships to factories in all parts of the world. As they work and play in the warm sunshine of the islands, the people of Micronesia always seem to be happy.



The Micronesian Islands have a line round them, and the world globe shows you where they are.





Father and son have been fishing. Below, the children look at wood-carvings.



Mother and daughter and a baby in a hammock. Below, is the strange "stone" money belonging to a village in Yap Island. The money is moved by putting a pole through the hole in the stone.







# BRER RABBIT

Will o' the Wisp Again

**N**OW one year it happened that Brer Rabbit grew a mighty fine crop of onions in his garden.

How he boasted to all the other animals, saying how clever he was to grow such fine onions and what a lot of money he was going to make by selling them at the market in town.

In the end, Brer Fox and Brer Bear and Brer Wolf grew mighty tired of hearing Brer Rabbit boasting and they decided to teach him a lesson.

But, of course, in the end, as you and I could have told them, it was they who learned a lesson.

This is what happened. On the day that Brer Rabbit was due to go to market, he got up early and was loading the onions on to his cart, when Mrs. Rabbit called out to him from the bedroom window:

"I can see Brer Bear waiting along the roadside and he's got a big club with him."

Then one of the little rabbits called out from the apple tree in the garden:

"I can see Brer Wolf waiting along the roadside and he's got a big rope with him."

And then Brer Terrapin came waddling into the garden and he called out:

"I just passed Brer Fox waiting along the roadside and he had a big stewpot with him."

So Brer Rabbit stopped loading his cart and thought: "If I take these onions to market, then sure as my name's Brer Rabbit, Brer Bear will bonk me with that club and Brer Wolf will tie me up with that rope and Brer Fox will cook me in that stewpot and all my onions with me."

So one way and another Brer Rabbit decided not to go to market after all.

He put his cart-load of onions by his garden gate, set up a deckchair, fetched a glass of lemonade and some cakes and told Mrs. Rabbit to sit and take it easy in the sun.

"I've got rather a headache," said Brer Rabbit. "I'm going indoors. But if Brer Bear or Brer Wolf or Brer Fox should happen to nose around asking questions, say that Will o' the Wisp has bought my onions and is coming to collect them at any minute."

Well, sure enough, in a little while Brer Bear and Brer Wolf and Brer Fox *did* come nosing around.

"Where's Brer Rabbit?" they asked.

"In the house with a headache."

"When is he going to take the onions to market?"

"He isn't."

"What is going to happen to them?"

"Will o' the Wisp has bought them and he is coming to collect them any minute now."

Now, all the animals were mighty scared of Will o' the Wisp and they wanted to run away, but they also thought that Brer Rabbit might be tricking them, so they slunk off into the bushes, but then





By Barbara Hayes.

turned and peeked back at the onions to see what would happen.

"I'm scared," said Brer Fox, shivering a little. "Whenever anyone mentions the name of Will o' the Wisp I go all trembly."

"Me, too," said Brer Wolf.

Brer Bear was the biggest and he tried to look calm, but in the end he had to admit that he was all of a tremble too.

Presently they heard a clank-clank-clanking in the distance. It came nearer and nearer, until it turned into a terrible clank - clank - clatter - clatter - bonkety - bonking.

Then, round the corner of the road, came the queerest figure they had seen for a long time. What looked like a suit of armour shone in the sun and with every step the creature took, it banged a big drum and shouted:

*"I'm Will o' the Wisp and I've come for my onions."*

*Get out of my way or I'll jump on your bunions."*

Brer Bear and Brer Wolf and Brer Fox took one glance at the weird figure and rushed to their homes and hid under the bedclothes.

But the funny thing was that, once they were out of sight, Will o' the Wisp took off his armour, which turned out to be saucepan lids, and stopped shouting and started to look very much like our Brer Rabbit.

Then he took the onions to market and sold them and brought the money back to Brer Rabbit's home. So I think it *must* have been Brer Rabbit after all, just pretending to be Will o' the Wisp, don't you?

He must have dressed up and sneaked out of the house while the other animals were busy talking to Mrs. Rabbit.

What a scam!

**There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.**

CHILDREN OF TODAY  
AND TOMORROW  
WILL ENJOY  
THE STORIES AND PICTURES  
in  
**ONCE UPON A TIME**

over and over again

Keep your copies in a special binder

EASY FOR READING

EASY FOR STORING

Price 17/6d (including post & packing)

from  
Subscription Dept.,  
Once Upon A Time,  
Berrows House,  
Hylton Road, Worcester.

These Binders are specially made to hold weekly copies of "Once Upon A Time". They are in a very attractive red colour, with gold titles. Each Binder holds 26 copies, which can easily be put in week by week, by the famous Easibind method. It provides a wonderful means of keeping your copies clean and tidy—and you can read them again and again.



# How Animals See

What a colourful world it is in which we live. Do you ever stop to look at the wonderful colours which surround us everywhere? Humans are very lucky to see all those colours because most animals cannot.



1. Members of the cat family, which includes tigers, lions and pet cats, have special eyes which "open" more in darkness. They can see quite well in poor light when they go hunting, like this lioness on the prowl.



2. A deer has eyes which are placed on the sides of its head, not in front like yours and mine. The reason for this is that it needs to see an enemy creeping up from the side or behind, without having to turn its head.



3. Bees and flies have what are called compound eyes. This means that each eye consists of many smaller eyes. So when a bee looks at a single flower, it sees many flowers.



4. Humans and monkeys can see all the seven colours of the rainbow. As a rule, women can see colours better than men. But most animals, like the dog, see coloured things only as a mixture of black, white and grey.



This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions.

Do you know where coal comes from? It is dug out of the ground by men and machines. The proper name for a coal-mine is a colliery—but the men who work in one usually say that they work "in the pit".

Little Sarah Griffiths was the daughter of a coal-miner and their house was in South Wales. It had no garden—you stepped straight from the street through the front door. Like other miners' wives, Sarah's mother was always keen to keep the front step very clean. She brushed it and washed it every day.

But one day, just as she was about to start cleaning the step, there was a sudden noise from the "pit" which frightened her. It was the colliery hooter, which went on and on and on, and could only mean one thing.

There had been an accident at the mine. Sarah's Daddy was down there!

Her Mummy wasted no time. Dropping her broom and bucket and throwing off her apron and head-scarf, she ran as fast as she could to the mine.

"You'll have to look after yourself, Sarah," she said. Other women joined her and little Sarah was left alone at the house.

"Poor Daddy—I hope he is all right," she said to herself. "There's not much I can do to help, except to take on Mummy's job of cleaning the step. They say that every little helps—and at least it will be clean for Daddy to come home to."

On went her Mummy's apron and head-scarf, and Sarah rolled up her sleeves. She swept and scrubbed until there was not a speck of dirt anywhere on the step.

She was just about to put the broom and bucket away when she saw her Mummy coming back. Beside her, holding on to her arm was Sarah's Daddy. He was covered with dirt and coal-dust but he was not hurt.

"There was a bit of a roof-fall in one of the mine-shafts," Sarah heard him saying to the neighbours. "Some pit-props, holding up the roof, gave way—but everybody's all right. We got showered with dirt and dust, but nobody was hurt."

"Thank goodness for that," said Sarah's Mummy. "A bit of coal-dust and dirt won't matter. Soap and water will soon shift it. Come on in, now, and sit down quietly with a cup of tea."

Sarah ran to her Daddy.

"Hello, Daddy," she said. "I've been helping Mummy by doing the step and in a minute I'll get the tea-cups out and the milk and sugar."

Her Daddy smiled down at her and then looked at the clean step.

He patted Sarah on the head. "There's a good girl for doing the step," he said. "I'll kiss you later when my face is not so dirty."

"Thank you, Sarah," said Mummy. As she took Daddy inside, he left two big black footmarks on the newly-cleaned step. But Sarah did not mind. Her coal-miner Daddy was safe.

# Every Little Helps





# Giselle of the Woods



1. Pretty Giselle, who lived with the animals in the forest, was trying to read a notice being put up on a tree. People around were very excited and she heard them talking about a Ball to be held at the Palace. "How I should love to go to the Palace Ball," Giselle said.



2. The forest creatures all loved Giselle and they decided to help her. They gathered mosses, leaves and petals of lovely brilliant colours from the forest, and wove the most beautiful dress in all the land for Giselle. When she put it on she was like a fairy Princess.



3. Giselle picked a spray of wild orchids, which only grew in that one spot in the forest. "You forgot to put these in my dress," she said, "but never mind, I myself will pin them on."



4. But how was she to go to town? One of the Bluebirds flew off to fetch the Unicorn who lived in the heart of the forest. On the back of the Unicorn, Giselle rode gaily to the Palace.





5. How everyone looked at Giselle as she danced with the very handsome Prince. Soon, he had fallen in love with her and kept asking where she came from. "I come from the place where these wild orchids grow," was the only answer he got from Giselle.



6. But Giselle had forgotten that petals and leaves soon die when picked. Under the ballroom lights her lovely dress first lost its colours, then withered and fell from her. Only the white orchids which Giselle had picked remained fresh and alive.



7. Weeping, Giselle ran from the ballroom to the Unicorn. As they rode swiftly back to her forest glade, Giselle said, "I will never leave the forest again—never, never!" But she was in love with the handsome Prince who had danced with her at the Ball in the Palace and knew that she could never forget him.

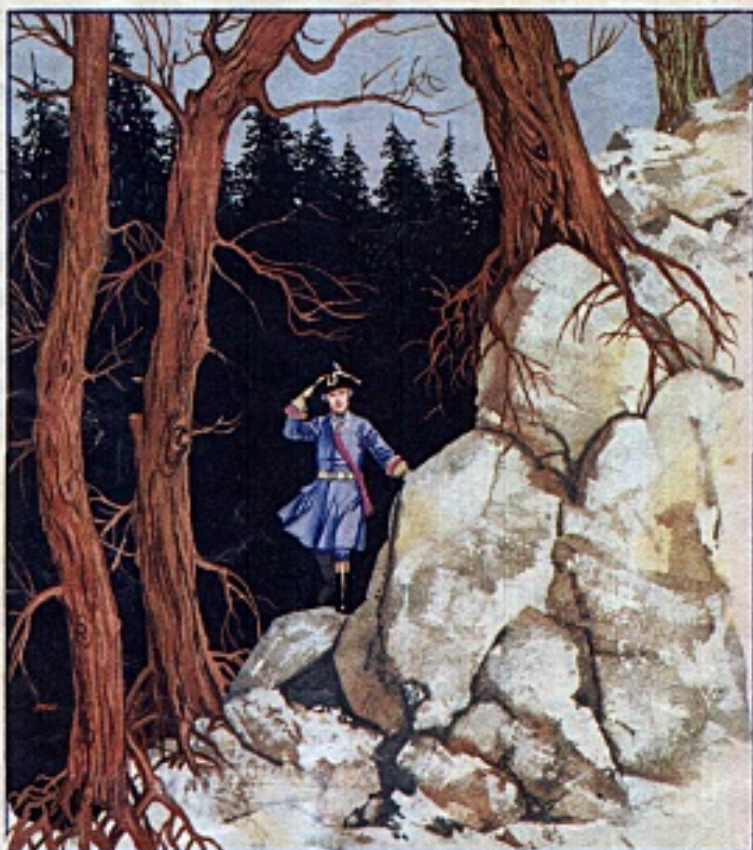


8. The Prince had not seen Giselle go and was very sad when he realised that he might never see her again. All that he had left of his lovely Princess were the white orchids that she had worn to the Ball. Every time that he looked at the white flowers and smelt their sweet scent, he fell more and more in love with Giselle.





9. Poor Giselle! She was even sadder than the Prince. She was so ashamed that she was not like the other beautiful ladies of the court, and she was sure that the Prince would soon forget all about her and choose one of them to be his Princess bride.



10. But the Prince did not want one of the court ladies as his Princess, and was determined to find his fairy Princess with whom he had danced. He remembered that she lived "in a place where the white orchids grow" and so he set off to find them.



11. At last, deep in the forest, the Prince smelt the beautiful scent of the wild orchids. He pushed aside the bushes and saw not only the wild orchids growing in the glade, but his lovely Princess hiding behind a tree. "Thanks to the orchids I have at last found you," he said. "But why are you hiding from me?"



12. "I am so poor," said Giselle. But the Prince did not care about this and told her that he wanted to marry her. Giselle was so happy. Her animal friends were happy, too, and they knew that the Prince would look after their Giselle. And so the Prince and Giselle went off together—and they lived very happily ever after.





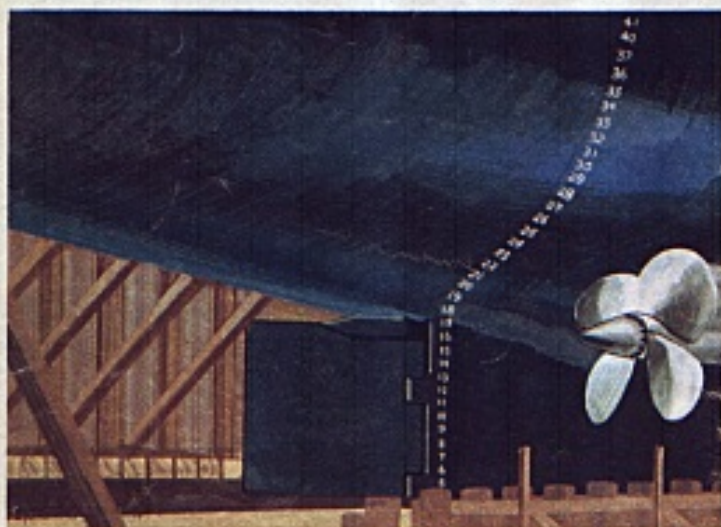
## Beautiful Paintings

Here is another lovely picture in the series of Beautiful Paintings, which we are printing in "Once Upon A Time". It is by artist F. Remington and the title of it is "Navajos at the Waterhole". The Navajos were a tribe of Red Indians living in New Mexico and Arizona. The picture clearly shows that the Navajos have paused in their wanderings and have

settled down for the night close to a waterhole. They are glad to rest and satisfy the thirst of themselves and their animals, but at the same time they are worried about attacks by enemies, so are keeping careful watch all round. Wrapped in warm blankets, put round their shoulders to keep out the cold air, they will rest but not sleep very much.



# The marks on a ship



1. If you look at a big ship you will see a line of numbers painted on it. The space between each number is exactly twelve inches, or one foot. You can see them all very clearly when the ship is in dry dock, like the one shown in the picture above.



2. Now the same ship has been put back into the water. Part of it is below the surface. You can tell at a glance how much by reading the number at the water-line. We say that a ship "draws" so many feet of water and it is very important to know this fact.



3. Once upon a time, owners of sailing ships used to send them on voyages so heavily loaded with cargo that they sank deep into the water. In a storm, when the sea was very rough, such ships were in danger of being sunk. Many of them never came back.



4. To make things safer for ships and their crews, a man named Samuel Plimsoll, in 1876, proposed that ships should only be loaded to a certain depth. This became a law and now ships carry marks on their side to show exactly how deep they are in the water.



5. This important mark on a ship's side is called the Plimsoll Line, and it shows the safe level for ships travelling in fresh and salt water in Summer and in Winter, when it may be stormy.

6. Today, huge ships sail across our oceans and because they are loaded only to a safe depth, they are not likely to be swamped and lost in rough seas. Samuel Plimsoll is a name to be remembered.



# Norway and Sweden



The upper flag is that of Norway, and the lower flag is that of Sweden.

Norway and Sweden together make up a sea-surrounded strip of land, which some people think is shaped like a lion. Norway has a coastline with many inlets, called fiords, and more than a hundred thousand small rocky islands. It is sometimes known as the Land of the Midnight Sun.

NORWAY

SWEDEN

To help you to get to know the most important towns and cities of Norway and Sweden take a walking tour from Drammen to Stavanger, Bergen, Oslo, Trondheim, Hammerfest, Lulea, Stockholm, Malmö and Gothenburg—without crossing a line.

The map below shows you where the countries of Norway and Sweden are.







# The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week . . . the country mouse's home is in danger. By Barbara Hayes.

ONE morning, when Winifred, the country mouse, went into her garden to do her washing in the stream, she noticed two strange mice walking about with tape measures and a sort of telescope on a stand.

They would measure out a certain distance, then one mouse would stand at one spot with the telescope thing and the other mouse would move about with a stick and they would keep shouting one to the other.

"Right a bit, Cyril," one would shout. "Now stay still, now, go back left a bit."

It all looked like some queer, boring game to Winifred, and in the end, she didn't take any more notice, but got on with her washing.

Winifred always had plenty of work to do.

But halfway through the afternoon, the two mice were still there, so kind Winifred popped her head over the hedge and asked if they would like a cup of tea to warm them up on such a chilly day.

Of course, both mice said, "Yes, please! Thank you very much."

And in no time they were standing by Winifred's back door drinking tea and eating some of Winifred's home-made cake.

"A very nice little cottage you've got here," they said to Winifred politely.

Then one of them added, "It's a shame that it's always the nice places that have to go, isn't it?"

"Yes, isn't it!" said Winifred, who always agreed with everyone.

But she was puzzled by the mouse's remark and at last plucked up the courage to say:

"What nice places have got to go—and go where?"

The two mice looked at her in surprise. "Didn't you know?" they said. "Your nice cottage has got to go."

"Go where?" gasped Winifred, who was beginning to feel quite upset.

"Why, it's to be knocked down, of course," said the mice, "to make way for the road that is going to be built. That is why we are doing all this measuring. We are marking out where the new road will go. And it will go straight through where your cottage is standing."

Poor Winifred.

For the first time in her life she felt really angry. The thought of anyone laying a finger on her precious home turned even good-natured Winifred into a ball of fury.

She snatched back the cups of tea and grabbed a piece of her home-made cake out of the hands of one of the mice just as he was going to bite the nice bit with the runny white icing.

"No one is going to lay a finger on my home," she said. "And no one who is even *talking* about it is going to drink my tea or eat my home-made cakes, especially the nice bit with runny white icing."

Then she rushed back into the kitchen and fetched her broom.

The two mice looked at her in alarm. "What are you going to do with that?" one of them gasped.

"I'm going to make a clean sweep of you, that's what I'm going to do," snapped Winifred, grasping the handle of the broom firmly and waving it about. "And don't give me any of that silly talk about you're only doing your duty. My own duty is to protect my cottage—and that's what I'm going to do this very minute!"

And timid little Winifred waved her broom at the two mice and chased them out of her garden and up the road.

"And if you ever come back here with your tape measures and bits of sticks and funny telescopes, I'll beat the dust out of

your trousers with my broom and no mistake," she shouted.

Bertie, Winifred's boy-friend, could scarcely believe his eyes, as he came cycling up the road to call on Winifred for his afternoon cup of tea.

For a moment he thought he was looking at and listening to Stephanie, the town mouse, who was always ordering people about. But then he saw Winifred's home-made skirt and hand-knitted jumper and knew it could never be.

"Winifred, my old love," he gasped, "calm down! Whatever is the matter with you?"

So Winifred told Bertie all about what the mice had said.

"But I chased them off," she said. "I put an end to their silly ideas."

Bertie looked serious.

"Hmmm!" he said. "I'm afraid we may hear more of this."

You can read more about the new road next week. But don't worry. Winifred's home is saved in the end.

## A LETTER FROM YOUR EDITOR

Dear Boys and Girls,

"Once Upon A Time" is now nearly one year old and I want to thank you all for getting it each week. I hope that you will keep on enjoying it in the new year of 1970. Brer Rabbit, the Town Mouse and Country Mouse all join me in wishing you a very Happy New Year.

Your friend, The Editor.

Here are the questions from the story "Every Little Helps" on page 9. See how good your memory is by trying to answer them.

1. What is the proper name for a coal-mine?
2. What did the miners call it?
3. What gave way in the coal-mine and caused the roof to fall in?







# ALI BABA and the Forty Thieves



1. Well pleased with himself at finding the house where Ali Baba was living, the robber returned to where the rest of the Forty Thieves were waiting. "It will be easy for us to find the house again," he told the robber chieftain, "for I have made a mark upon the door." "Well done," said the robber chieftain.



2. But in the city, the serving-maid of Cassim's house, where Ali Baba was now living, was returning from shopping. Her name was Morgiana and she was a clever girl. "What a strange mark is now on the door," she thought to herself. "I am sure it was not there when I set out to do my shopping. What does it mean?"



3. Morgiana wondered if someone had put the mark on the door to bring trouble to Ali Baba. So, with a piece of chalk, she made a similar mark upon every door in the street. All looked alike.



4. Later that day, the robber brought the chief and two others to the city, to kill poor Ali Baba. "This is the street where he lives," he said. "Now we must look for the mark on the door."





5. But when they entered the street they found to their great surprise that there was a mark upon every door. "What is this all about?" demanded the robber chief. "You told me that only one door was marked and that it would be easy to find the house of the stranger who visited our secret cave." "I—I do not understand," stammered the robber who had put the chalk mark on the door. "I only made one mark, and now there are so many."



6. The robber chieftain thought swiftly. "This is the street where the wealthy merchants live," he said to the puzzled robber. "And yet you tell me that the man you followed to one of these houses was very poorly dressed. That gives me an idea. If he is now rich with the gold that he took from our cave, he will soon be buying new clothes and have no use for his old rags. And this is the one thing that will help us to capture him quickly."



7. The next day, the cunning leader of the Forty Thieves came with a barrow, which he pushed through Ali Baba's street. "Old rags! Old clothes!" he called out. "Who wants to get rid of ragged old clothes?" But none of the rich people who lived there came to their doors, for their clothes were all costly and new. But one door DID open. Now that they were rich, Ali Baba's wife had bought new clothes for herself and her husband and so she gave the old clothes away to the robber chief. "Good! This is the house I am looking for," chuckled the delighted robber chief.

**What will happen to Ali Baba? More of this tale next week.**







# The WISE OLD OWL

## Knows all the answers

How, why, what and when? The Wise Old Owl knows the answers to the puzzling questions.



### 1. What is a falling star?

"Far above the Earth, rushing about in space, are many pieces of rock. These are called meteorites. Sometimes one of these meteorites comes speeding towards the Earth but becomes so hot when it enters the air that it burns with a bright light—like a star falling through the sky."



### 2. What is a ballerina?

"In a play without words, which is called a ballet, the story is told by dancers moving in certain ways to music. The lady who dances the most beautiful and important part in a ballet is called a ballerina. She has to work hard to learn all her steps."



### 3. Why do children have to go to bed before grown-ups?

"The reason is that children run around a lot more and so they use up a lot of energy. This makes them tired. Children also use up a lot of energy in growing, which is an added reason for going to bed early, for sleep rests you and puts back your strength."



### 4. What is the Blarney Stone?

"High up in the walls of a castle at Blarney in Ireland, there is a famous stone. They say that anyone who kisses the Blarney Stone (and it is not easy) will become very clever at talking."



### 5. Can animals talk to each other?

"Animals do not have a language of words like human beings, but some can make noises, like a dog's fierce growl or a bird's cry of alarm. But they cannot chat to each other, like WE can."